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V E R S E S

In Honour of Their Present

MAJESTIES.





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By T. SCOTT.

*Sed tuus hic Populus sapiens & justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoq;
Æstimat* ————— Hor. Ep. l. 2.

*Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas Honores.*

Id. Od. l. 1.



L O N D O N:

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MAJESTIES

B. J. SCOTT

Printed by J. B. Scott, at the Press of the
British Museum, London.



11 Old Bailey



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MAJESTIES.



YOUNG as I am, unskilful to rehearse,
 The Praise of God-like Kings in sound-
 [ing Verse ;
 My Country's Love does in my Bosom
 [roul,
 Inspire my Genius, and inflame my Soul ;

Fain would my Muse her grateful Homage pay,
 And sing her Sov'raign in her humble Lay.
 The Voice of Musick fills my ravish'd Ear,
 The Shouts of joyful Multitudes I hear;
 Gay Scenes of Pleasure open to my Eyes,
Glory and *Liberty* in Prospect rise;
 And *Peace* and *Plenty*, a long smiling Train,
 GEORGE wields the Scepter, GEORGE begins to
 [reign.

O King, for ever live, belov'd of Heav'n,
 To Thee unspar'd is princely Wisdom giv'n:
Judgment and *Truth* thy righteous Throne sustain,
 Invite the Sons of Misery to complain;
 Crush proud *Oppression*, and exert their Pow'r,
 Till the stern Fury lifts her Rod no more.

Not

Not thus does *Justice* use her idle Sword,
Where groans *Japan* beneath a lawless Lord, *
Where every Family its own Tyrant feels, †
And stand or fall as the proud Master wills;
And where 'tis deem'd a meritorious Death,
If the King's sacred Lips demand their Breath.

What Joys, my Countrymen, each Face betrays,
While on *our* King with eager Looks we gaze;
While we, in Senates, see the Royal Heart ‡
Open, and each great Sentiment impart;
See glad *Britannia* lodg'd within his Breast,
In all her Glory and Perfection drest;

* The whole Empire of *Japan* is governed by the Emperor with an absolute Power — The Emperor can banish the greatest Princes and Lords of the Empire, and deprive them of their Lives, as he pleases — *Vid. Kempfer's History of Japan.*

† Not only the petty Kings in *Japan*, but every Lord of a District, and Father of a Family, has the Power of Life and Death. *Vid. Salmon's State of Japan.*

‡ See the King's two Speeches to his last Parliament, to which the following Twelve Lines allude.

Or hear him ratify her Rights, and Laws,
 And pledge his Power to assert her Cause :
 Lo ! how thy wide extended Wings display'd,
 Invite thy every Subject to their Shade,

Religion too is courted to the Sign,
 Whether in mitred Pomp and Gold she shine ;
 Or in more humble Weeds, and modest Mien,
 Retires from Courts, nor seeks the showy Scene.

Thy God, O King, regardful of thy Worth,
 To Empire and to Glory, calls thee forth ;
 The pompous Ermine o'er thy Shoulders throws,
 And with a golden Radiance binds thy Brows.
 Mantled with Majesty thou sitt'st on high,
 While trembling Crowds at awful Distance lie,

Till

Till thy kind Smiles and Joy-diffusing Tongue,
Scatter our Fears, and raise th' embolden'd Throng.

Thus fell the Prophet, * (if the Kings of Earth
We may compare with Forms of heav'nly Birth)
Breathless and pale, when in a Flood of Light,
† The *Human Semblance* burst upon his Sight.
A *Berryl's* verdant Blue his Body shed,
Around his Loins the Gold of *Uphaz* spread :
White down his Back the Linnen Mantle flow'd,
As Lamps of Fire his Eyes effulgent glow'd :
Bright as the vivid Lightning gleam'd his Face,
And shone his Arms and Feet as burnish'd Brass :
Gracious the Vision spoke, with Strength renew'd
In social Talk th' admiring Prophet stood.

* *Daniel.*

† Dan. x. 5, 6, 18, 19. *One like the Similitude of the Sons of Men, one like the Appearance of a Man.*

O Nation destin'd to be blest and great,
 When such a Monarch watches o'er thy Fate :
 Let *Turks* before a haughty Sultan bend,
 And glory in the Death their Lord shall send,
Iberia her *Indian* Treasures boast,
 Or *Italy* extend her blooming Coast ;
 We envy not their glist'ring Scenes of Woe,
 Nor grasp at Servitude adorn'd with Show.

Thrice happy *Britain* ! Favourite of God,
 Heav'n's chosen Favours has a Prince bestow'd,
 In whom thy raptur'd Thought at once may blend
 The King, the nursing Father, and the Friend.
Brunswick's fam'd Line demanded such a Son,
 Drawn, thro' a Length of Years, a Train of Heroes
 [down,
 And

And only such an Heir could grace the Throne,
Where lately the First GEORGE in Glory shone;
Once shone, but oh—(thus will'd the Sovereign
[Pow'r,)
The Place which knew him once, now knows no
[more:
Withdrawn from Earth, his *Britain* he resign'd,
Yet left the Image of Himself behind.

Rich Legacy ! ye Sons of Vertue join
In ardent Blessings to the Pow'r Divine :
Be Faction silenc'd, and let Discord cease,
Be each tumultuous Bosom hush'd to Peace ;
From every Heart let Discontent be flung,
Let every Murmur die on every Tongue ;
And all with noble Emulation strive,
Who worthiest of their God and King shall live.

Then

Then Heaven shall send the seasonable Rain,
 And Earth with Usury repay the Grain ;
 Lavish of Fruit, the laden Tree shall bend,
 Nor till the Harvest the long Threshing end ;
 The Harvest shall the Sower's Hand employ,
 And we with Luxury our Bread enjoy.
 The fiery Pestilence remote shall stand,
 Nor the Sword walk insulting near our Land ;
 Victorious we will chace the flying Foe,
 Their Hosts shall sink beneath the Faulchion's Blow :
 Five o'er a Hundred shall their Trophies spread,
 And by One Hundred shall Ten Thousand bleed ;
 While thro' our Isles walks Heaven's Almighty Sire,
 And spreads Salvation round, a Wall of Fire.

But

But haste, my Muse, and summon every Charm,
 That dignifies the Mind, or crowns the Form,
 And to my View in pleasing Prospect bring,
 While the smooth Numbers CAROLINA sing.

On the King's Right, and glorious to behold,
 She stands, array'd in Diamond and Gold;
 The matchless Queen, with inward Glory crown'd:
 Her honourable Women wait around;
 Her Form superior, o'er the shining Bands
 Rising in graceful Majesty, commands
 The silent Reverence of the Gazer's Eye,
 Nor yet forbids a sweet familiar Joy.

So in some Picture, where the Pencil plays *
 In various Forms, and various pleasing Ways;

* I am indebted to Mr. Addison for this Simile. *Vid. Freeholder, N^o 21.*

The Sovereign Figure does our Eye controul,
Arrests th' Attention, and usurps the Soul.

Ye Virgin Minds, white as the new-fall'n Snow,
Unstain'd with Crimes that from Ambition flow ;
And guiltless of the Love of Gold, attend,
While CAROLINA's Acts the Song extend.
Her Charms thro' mighty Kingdoms stretch'd their
[Reign,
Austria's young Monarch su'd, but su'd in vain :
The Heroine spurn'd the suppliant Crowns away,
And scorn'd the Glories of *Imperial* Sway ;
Nor tho' the Western World from all her Shores,
To swell the Bribe pour'd her exhaustless Stores,
Would the dear Cause of Heav'n and Truth disclaim,
Or give t' Imposture and to *Rome* her Name :
Heaven saw, and a rich Recompence decreed,
Heaven gives her *Britann* for the generous Deed.

Such

Such was the Zeal her mighty Master show'd,
 With such Disdain his holy Bosom glow'd,
 When the wide Earth, view'd from the Mountain's
 Her dazzling Scenes of Grandeur spread below ; [Brow,
 And all her proffer'd Glory vainly strove,
 To tempt his Homage from the Pow'r above.

Pride of her Sex, and *Albion's* Delight;
 A Thousand *Virtues* in her Train unite :
Benevolence, of open Aspect here,
 And *Pity* of the melting Eye appear ;
 There smiling *Cheerfulness*, of Air serene,
 And fervent *Charity*, large of Heart, is seen :
Science walks on amidst a sun-like Blaze ;
Humility her blushing Cheek displays,

Talking familiar with the lowly Swain ;
 And *Faith*, Mother of *Piety*, before the Train,
 On Heav'n's great Prophet leaning, eyes th' Ethereal
 [Plain. }

Unequall'd *Princess* ! zealous in thy Cares
 To sow the Seeds of Virtue in thine Heirs :
 Pattern of Parents ! may some future Day
 The pious Travels of thy Soul repay :
 Already do the generous Seeds put forth
 A forward Harvest of advancing Worth :
 E'en now thy Off-spring Three great Realms adorn,
 Shine in thy Charms, with thy Devotion burn :
 With blooming Health, and lively Verdure crown'd,
 The beauteous Olive Plants the Throne surround ;
 Blest with the Dews of Heav'n the Shoots ascend,
 Teeming with future Joys for *Albion's* Land ;
 To Ages yet unborn the noble Fruit shall bend. }

O *William*, dear immortal Name, we owe
 To Heav'n and Thee these blissful Scenes below :
 Thy gen'rous Soul disdain'd to be confin'd,
 In its o'erflowing Bounties to Mankind :
 Dissatisfy'd to bless one Age alone,
 She stretch'd her Views thro' Times ev'n yet unknown;
 Opening her Prospect wide, and in th' Affairs
 Of future Nations interests her Cares :
 Anxious for *Albion* lest she fall a Prey,
 To spurious Princes, *Rome*, and Tyranny ;
 He built the Barriers *James* nor *Rome* can pass,
 The great Succession form'd, and fix'd in *Brunswick's*
 [Race.

All hail ! my Country, lov'd *Britannia*, hail !
 O'er all thy Foes thy better Fates prevail.

How

How could I dwell on this delightful Strain?
 But Wisdom warns me timely to refrain ;
 Mindful that such exalted Themes refuse
 The feeble Pinions of an infant Muse :
 If *Addison* had seen this glorious Day,
 O how would he have rais'd the vocal Lay !

The Poet's Breast, warm'd by the Patriot's Zeal,
 Had glow'd with Transports, such as Angels feel ;
 A Flood of Verse fresh gushing from his Soul,
 In rising Numbers, sounding as they roul,
 Had flow'd with easy Majesty along,
 While GEORGE and CAROLINA swell'd the Song.
 And O that *Pope* would touch the loyal Lyre,
 Exert his Muse, and call up *Homer's* Fire ;

His

His Genius might the pond'rous Task sustain,
 Nor should the noble Theme the noble Lines
 [disdain.

But GEORGE and CAROLINA smile at Death,
 Nor live precarious on a Poet's Breath :
 A true Eternity before them lies,
 And endless Scenes of real Bliss supplies.

‘ O thou, whose Hands the Soul in Life sustain,
 ‘ Thro’ Years remote may GEORGE extend his
 [Reign ;
 ‘ Long we rejoyce in CAROLINA’s Smile,
 ‘ Long live they both to bless *Britannia’s* Isle!
 ‘ And late, when late, thou call the noble Pair
 ‘ To dwell with Thee, and breathe Ethereal Air ;
 ‘ May

[20]

' May they the guiltless Diadem consign,

' To FREDERICK, equal to the great Design;

' Nor while the Sun and Moon o'er Time prevail,

' From that illustrious Line let the *Succession* fail !

F I N I S.



